THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. III.] [No. 7.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XLVI.

I publish, to-day, a page from an Indian diary. The virtuoso, who has been kind enough to extract it, from a manuscript, in the original Oneida, seems to entertain an high opinion of the sagacity of his tawny journalist.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

As the readers of the Port Folio have been satiated with the travels of a *German*, I enclose you an extract from the travels of an *Indian*, who visited our city, in the year ——. If you please you may try whether it be equally "interesting."

"The customs of these people are so absurd, and so inconsistent with each other, that a person must live an age among them, to understand their nature, or their use. Their houses are contrived, with astonishing pains, to shelter them from the trifling inconveniencies of rain and cold, which they dread exceedingly; and of such great strength, as plainly declares their intention is to live and die, in the same place. It is wonderful that a people, so restless, should be contented to do so! They seem to be always busy, and often complain of fatigue, although they never undergo the toils of the chace, to provide for their families; but they are ever in pursuit of something, that they think is necessary to their existence, and they employ a vast number of persons to supply these artificial wants.

But in nothing, that we have yet seen, does their folly appear so great, as in a custom, which I am going to describe to you, and to which they are all obliged to conform—it proves, that their boasted love of peace is not sincere—that war and bloodshed are natural to the heart of man.

Soon after our arrival here, we heard a great deal of talk about a *duel*, that had lately happened, between two of the chiefs of their nation. We were sometime in ignorance what this might be—but as one of these men was a member of their great council, and the other a warrior, who had fought bravely against us, we concluded certainly that they had performed some glorious exploit, for the good of their country—for this, they tell us, is the main-spring of all their actions. But, judge of our amazement, when our interpreter informed us, that a *duel* was a kind of fight between two persons, and the courage, which we had heard so loudly applauded, had only been exerted in endeavouring to kill each other!

This explanation but served to heighten our curiosity, to inquire further into this absurd business, and we obtained the following account. When a man supposes himself affronted, by one of his neighbours, he sends another, whom, on this occasion, he emphatically calls his *friend*, to require satisfaction—Now what he calls *satisfaction* is, that his enemy shall come out to meet him, and each being armed with a pistol, they shall stand within a few yards distance, and fire at one another. If either or both should be killed, the *satisfaction* is completed, or if only some bones are broken, and a little blood is spilled, still they are satisfied; for both the aggressor and the injured are exactly on a footing, they then take each others' hand, and declare, that there is no enmity between them.

Thus far we had listened, to our informant, with serious attention, but when he came to this sudden reconciliation, we could not help laughing at his contrivance, and supposed he had been amusing us with one of those comical stories, which they call a *farce*, and which they go in crowds to hear, in a beautiful house, built for that purpose, but he gravely assured us, that it was not only true, but that it happened very often!

Ah, my friends, let us not be deceived by the *words* of this faithless people. They send their ministers to preach to us "forgiveness of injuries," and to tell us, that it is criminal, in us, to put to death the *foes* we have gloriously taken in battle. Yet they murder *one another*, in cool blood, for the most trivial offences, and even making professions of civility, at the moment they are committing the monstrous deed! They tell us, their wisdom is superior to ours, yet they confound innocence with guilt; and because a man endeavours to take away their property or their good name, they bid him take their life also! They tell us, they have laws to avenge and to protect them; yet when we asked why they did not apply to those boasted laws for redress, they confessed they were insufficient, and that, indeed, they forbade this kind of combat, but it was commanded by their tutelary deity, whom they call *Honour*, and whom they fear more than the laws of their country. Their ministers have told us too, that the Christians worship but one God, and that He did not allow them to lay down their own lives, or take away that of their neighbour; yet here they openly profess to worship another, and to obey him rather than the Christian God, whom they pretend to preach to us!——They are insincere, let us not be deceived by them."

The above aboriginal satirist, whether he delights to be called *Red Jacket* or the *Little Turtle*, writes like one, who has seen other objects than a wigwam, and heard sounds, as boisterous as that of the war whoop.

I have no doubt that the following letter will be attentively read by every sensible woman, and I anticipate becoming a very fashionable fellow at tea-parties and milliner's shops, in consequence of giving currency to sentiments, not merely creditable to the fair writer, but honorable to her sex.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,

I have so much confidence in your urbanity, that I venture to prefer to you a complaint against one of the rudest monsters I ever met. What makes it more provoking, is, that the subject of my present anger does not want understanding, but he is so excessively deficient in politeness, that I am, sometimes, almost inclined to move for his expulsion from our tea-parties. I shall not give the creature so great an idea of his own importance, as to waste my paper, and tire your patience, in delineating the general features of his character; although, perhaps, some of his absurdities, (or eccentricities, as he prettily calls them) might divert you.

A few nights ago, we had a dispute on the subject of education: I contended that we had as *perfect* a right to what is called a *liberal* education, as those who, without regard to politeness or truth, are stiled the "Lords of the Creation." This he had the impudence to deny; alleging, that our wit, *when we had any*,

> ....." But serv'd an husband's head to rack,
> And make eternal horsewhips for his back."

But I do think, Mr. Saunter, and I trust you think so too, that, among the many improvements of the present age upon the manners and customs of the last, none is more praise worthy than the attention which is now bestowed on the culture of the female mind.

This opinion accords with that of many wise people: yet there are to be found men, so illiberal as to say, that, as women have no concern in the regulation of state affairs, but are merely intended as assistants in the internal government of the household, it is ridiculous to bestow time and money in giving them a liberal education. Nay, there are some who go so far as to suppose our intellectual faculties are not sufficiently strong to comprehend many works, which we should be obliged to read.

Do, dear Saunter, ask this self-important gentry, what would have become of Rome, "the proud mistress of the world," when Coriolanus threatened its very foundation, if the *ladies* had been incapable of any other exertion, than merely that of managing their children and servants? Tell them to look through the republic of letters, and they will find many well written works, by females, which do honour to their sex, their virtue, and their understanding—tell them that the great "colossus of literature," Dr. Johnson, was once vanquished, in conversation, by a lady*—assure them that the works of a More, a Carter, a Radcliffe, a D'Arblay, and a Dacier, will sail down the stream of time, notwithstanding all the opposing billows of envious illiberality.

Female influence insinuates itself in a greater or less degree, into many of the most important transactions of life. If we go back to other times,

* Mrs. Knowles—if my recollection be faithful.

we may cite numerous instances to prove this assertion. Anthony owed the loss of his power and his life to his blind attachment to Cleopatra: the great Alexander was arrested in the midst of his career, by the blandishments of a female. To come to more modern times, Henry IV. of France, will furnish us a remarkable instance of the power, which females may acquire over the hearts of men. Indeed, it is a curious fact, in the history of this country, that although our laws strictly forbid female regality, yet they have never been able to prevent a large portion of feminine controul in their cabinet.

The most important duty, the education of children, generally devolves upon the mother.

Now, sir, if it be true that female influence is so diffusive, as I have humbly endeavoured to prove, ought not very great attention be paid to our education?

When you men meet with affliction, how readily do you fly to us for relief—and how frequently are you disappointed—how often does experience teach you that a fair exterior may cover a shallow mind.

I cannot help hazarding a request, that you would favour us with a lucubration on this theme. I will promise for it a kind and attentive reception by your readers, among whom I proudly rank myself.

MARTHA.

P. S. Allow me to refer you to "Boswell's Tour," for Dr. Johnson's opinion of the utility of learning to females.

Though I agree, in the main, with my correspondent, yet it is a chance if I ever comply with the request of my friend, Martha; who, like her anxious namesake, is "careful and troubled about many things," affecting the character of her sex. I am such a notorious Loiterer, I am so sedulously employed in *doing nothing*, a business, which, as a wit once told me, must be followed up with assiduity, if any one propose to *make money by it*, that I am apprehensive I shall not find leisure for a disquisition so grave, and so elaborate, as the "*height of the great argument*," suggested by Martha, demands. However, I shall often *think* of her request, and, I will venture to promise, that I shall form, at least, a dozen *projects* in favour of the *rights of women*.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

FOR THE PORT' FOLIO.

REVIEW OF THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY, F. R. S. AND A. S. S.

(CONTINUED.)

BOOK 2.

The passages, in the second book of the Georgics, which have engaged a pre-eminence of admiration, for a period of more than eighteen hundred years, are those, which describe the beauties of the poet's native country; the charms of spring, and the delights of philosophic study, and rural life. From each of these, we shall select extracts, of Mr. Sotheby's version, which, after the specimens we have given of the first book, will need no eulogium of ours, as a recommendation to the reader.

1. From the praises of Italy.

Yet nor the Median groves, nor rivers, roll'd,
Ganges and Hermus, o'er their beds of gold,
Nor Ind, nor Bactra, nor the blissful land
Where incense spreads o'er rich Panchaia's sand,
Nor all that fancy paints in fabled lays,
Oh native Italy! transcend thy praise.
Though here no bulls beneath th' enchanted yoke,
With fiery nostril o'er the furrow smoke,
No hydra teeth embattled harvests yield,
Spear and bright helmet bristling o'er the field;
Yet golden corn each laughing valley fills,
The vintage reddens on a thousand hills,
Luxuriant olives spread from shore to shore,
And flocks unnumber'd range the pastures o'er.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Here spring perpetual leads the laughing hours,
And winter wears a wreath of summer flowers:
Th' o'erloaded branch twice fills with fruits the year,
And twice the teeming flocks their offspring rear.
Yet here no lion breeds, no tiger strays,
No tempting aconite the touch betrays,
No monstrous snake th' uncoiling volume trails,
Or gathers orb on orb his iron scales.
But many a peopled city tow'rs around,
And many a rocky cliff with castle crown'd.
And many an antique wall whose hoary brow
O'ershades the flood that guards its base below.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
All hail, Saturnian earth! hail, lov'd of fame,
Land, rich in fruits, and men of mighty name!
For thee I dare the sacred founts explore,
For thee, the rules of ancient art restore,
Themes, once to glory rais'd, again rehearse,
And pour through Roman towns th' Acræan verse.

From this passage, I have omitted only those local allusions, and proper names, of towns and rivers, which, in poetical description, are so delightful, to the inhabitants of the country, to whom they recall pleasing associated ideas, but which, after a lapse of twenty centuries, have lost their interest, to readers of another age and clime. These, in the original itself, could have little charm for us, and will, therefore, readily be spared, in quotations from a translation; while the beauties of all time and of every region, are retained.

2. Such are the following blossoms of perennial spring.

Spring comes, new bud the field, the flow'r, the grove,
Earth swells, and claims the genial seeds of love:
Æther, great lord of life, his wings extends,
And on the bosom of his bride descends,
With showers prolific feeds the vast embrace
That fills all nature, and renews her race.
Birds on their branches hymeneals sing,
The pastur'd meads with bridal echoes ring;
Bath'd in soft dew, and fann'd by western winds,
Each field its bosom to the gale unbinds:
The blade dares boldly rise new suns beneath,
The tender vine puts forth her flexile wreath,
And freed from southern blast and northern shower,
Spreads without fear, each blossom, leaf and flower.
Yes! lovely spring! when rose the world to birth,
Thy genial radiance dawn'd upon the earth,
Beneath thy balmy air creation grew,
And no bleak gale on infant nature blew.
When herds first drank the light, from earth's rude bed,
When first man's iron race uprear'd its head,
When first to beasts the wild and wood were given,
And stars unnumber'd pav'd th' expanse of heaven;
Then as through all the vital spirit came,
And the globe teem'd throughout its mighty frame,
Each tender being, struggling into life,
Had droop'd beneath the elemental strife,
But thy mild season, each extreme between,
Soft nurse of nature, gave the golden mean.

This is echanting description, but the subject is such, as has inspired many a poet of genius, inferior to Virgil. In this career, Lucretius had gone before him, and several modern poets, have succeeded him. The pleasures and blessings of spring, have been transfused into so much poetry, that they are almost universally palling upon the taste. Some of our readers, therefore, we doubt not, will pass, without a reperusal of this extract, to the

3d. Containing the far fam'd picture of philosophic retirement.

How blest the sage! whose soul can pierce each cause
Of changeful nature and her wondrous laws:
Who tramples fear beneath his foot, and braves
Fate and stern death, and hell's resounding waves.
Blest too, who knows each God that guards the swain,
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the Dryad train.
Not the proud fasces, nor the pomp of kings,
Discord that bathes in kindred blood her wings;
Not arming Istrians that on Dacia call,
Triumphant Rome, and kingdoms doom'd to fall,
Envy's wan gaze, or pity's bleeding tear,
Disturb the tenour of his calm career.
From fruitful orchards and spontaneous fields
He culls the wealth that willing nature yields.
Far from the tumult of the madd'ning bar,
And iron justice, and forensic war.
Some vex with restless oar wild seas unknown,
Some rush on death, or cringe around the throne;
Stern warriors here beneath their footstep tread
The realm that rear'd them, and the hearth that fed,
To quaff from gems, and lull to transient rest
The wound that bleeds beneath the Tyrian vest.
These brood with sleepless gaze o'er buried gold,
The rostrum these with raptur'd trance behold,
Or wonder when repeated plaudits raise
Mid peopled theatres the shout of praise.
These with grim joy, by civil discord led,
And stain'd in battles where a brother bled,
From their sweet household hearth in exile roam,
And seek beneath new suns a foreign home.
The peasant yearly ploughs his native soil;
The lands that blest his fathers bound his toil,
Sustain his herd, his country's wealth increase;
And see his children's children sport in peace.
Each change of seasons leads new plenty round;
Now lambs and kids along the meadow bound,
Now every furrow loads with corn the plain,
Fruits bend the bough, and garners burst with grain;
Or where with purple hues the upland glows,
Autumnal suns on mellowing grapes repose.
For him the arbute reddens on the wood,
And mills press forth the olive's gushing flood;
Chaste love his household guards, *and round his knees*
*Fond infants climb the foremost kiss to seize;**
Kine from their gushing udders nectar shed,
And wanton kids high toss their butting head.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Such was the life that ancient Sabines chose:
Thus Rome's twin founders, thus Etruria rose;
Thus Rome herself, o'er all on earth renown'd,
Rome, whose sev'n hills her towery walls surround;
Such, ere Dictæan Jove's new sceptre reign'd,
And slaughter'd bulls the unhallow'd banquet stain'd,
Such was the life on earth that Saturn knew,
Ere mortals trembled as the trumpet blew,
Or started as the anvil rung afar,
When clattering hammers shap'd the sword of war.

Our extracts, from this book, have been so copious, that, in closing them, with specimens, of more partial beauties, we shall only notice the description of the *Aesculus*, and of the fire in a vineyard.

Trust to light furrows, trust the tender vine,
But fix'd in earth's deep bed, large trees, confine:
Chief, Æsculus, whose head as high aspires,
Low as his root to central night retires.
Vainly the wintry blast invades his brow,
Vainly the torrent floods his base below:
Unmov'd he sees round ages, ages roll'd,
Sees nations perish, and the world wax old,
Wide spreads his vigorous branches o'er the plains
And on his central trunk th' o'ershadowing mass sustains:

As a contrast, to the ideas of long and permanent duration, so forcibly impressed upon the mind, in these lines, they are immediately succeeded by the following, which convey, with equal energy, those of rapid destruction, and subsequent desolation, from fire.

Where bloom thy vines, no hazel growth enclose,
Nor on their ranks let western suns repose;
Nor topmost shoots select, but cull the race
Where earth-bound plants the parent stem embrace:
Nor with blunt knife the gadding tendril wound,
Nor mix wild olives on their sacred ground.
For oft, by careless shepherds left behind,
FIRE lurks unseen beneath the unctuous rind,
Seizes the trunk, amid the branches soars,
Sweeps through the blazing leaves, and fiercely roars:
From bough to bough th' insulting victor spreads
Pursues his conquest o'er their topmost heads,
Sheets the whole wood in flame, and, upwards driven,
Blackens the sun, and fills the cope of heaven;
But chief whene'er the rushing blast conspires,
Kindles each spark, and gathers all their fires.

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* The English reader, will recollect, with what address, Gray has adopted this charming image, in *the Elegy*.

"No smiling infants lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

Ah! hope not from the root, reviving bloom?
No kindred race, shall flourish from the tomb;
Sad 'mid their ashes o'er the desert strown
Stands the wild olive, in the waste, alone.

(To be continued.)

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF SHAKESPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."

We shall now present a brief sketch of the plot; we shall delineate some of the characters, and point out the beauties of "As You Like It."—Our comments shall be interspersed.

The elder Duke, banished from his government, by his brother, who had usurped his throne, seeks a residence, with a few of his nobles, in the forest of Arden, where he is supposed to be, at the commencement of the piece. At the Court of the Usurper are the brothers, Oliver and Orlando, sons of Sir Rowland de Bois. The play opens with a conference between Orlando and Adam, an aged servant of Oliver. Orlando complains that his elder brother, Oliver, who had succeeded to the paternal inheritance, detains from him a legacy of one thousand pounds, and neglects to provide him with the education which their father had enjoined, in his will, as a duty upon Oliver. This conference is interrupted, by the entrance of the latter, between whom and his brother a spirited and well-drawn dialogue ensues. The latter demands the payment of his portion, and charges Oliver with neglecting the injunction contained in their father's will. Oliver reproaches him in harsh language, and Orlando's noble spirit prompts him to reply in strong terms, and to use his brother roughly. The latter is terrified, and promises to pay the portion, and the dialogue concludes. On the succeeding day, Charles, the wrestler, is to engage, before the Court, with several combatants. Orlando is determined to enter the lists against him, of which resolution Charles is informed, and repairs to Oliver, immediately after the preceding dialogue, to request him to dissuade Orlando from the wrestle, as his respect for Oliver would not permit him to injure Orlando, if it could be avoided. Oliver seizes this occasion with avidity, to slander his brother, and, by representing his disposition as cruel and vindictive, persuades Charles to exert himself in the wrestle, and, if possible, to kill Orlando. The wrestling match takes place before the usurper. Celia, his daughter, and Rosalind, her cousin, and daughter of the banished Duke, are present. Charles is vanquished, and a dialogue ensues between Orlando and Rosalind, in the course of which a mutual attachment is formed. In consequence of his success in the wrestle, Orlando is advised to leave the palace, to avoid the further persecution of his brother, enraged at this disappointment of his malice. He takes Adam with him, and departs. The usurping Duke is fearful that the amiable qualities of Rosalind, (whose father he had banished, and whom he permitted to remain at Court, on the persuasion of Celia,) might injure him in the opinion of his subjects, by reminding them of her father, and he orders her to quit the palace. Celia resolves to accompany her, and taking Touchstone, as their companion, they depart secretly. The usurping Duke, on missing his daughter, and hearing that she and Rosalind had spoken favourably of Orlando, suspects that he had accompanied them in their flight, and commands Oliver to bring his brother to Court. Oliver is allowed twelve months to find Orlando, and departs. During the course of the play, Orlando, Adam, Oliver, Celia, Rosalind, and Touchstone, arrive, at different times, at the forest of Arden, where the two former enter into the service of the banished Duke. Several interviews occur between Orlando and Rosalind, (whose disguise conceals her real character,) in the course of which he discloses his passion for her. She prevails on him to come to her cottage every day, and woo her as if she were his Rosalind. Orlando rescues his brother Oliver from a Lioness, and is reconciled to him. The usurping Duke resolves to go to the forest of Arden, and put his brother to the sword. On his arrival there, he is dissuaded from his purpose by a hermit. He restores the Crown to his brother, and enters a convent. The drama concludes with the union of Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, Touchstone and Audrey, and Sylvius and Phœbe.

Shakespeare, although possessing invention, the chief requisite of genius, to a degree, equal to any poet, did not disdain to profit by the invention of others. He has borrowed the plots of most of his plays; but this does not detract from his merit; for from the collection of tales, with which historians and novelists furnish us, it is as difficult to select one, and mould it for representation, as to plan a new one. For the general outline of the piece before us, he was indebted to a novel, written by LODGE, and intitled "*Rosalind, or Euphue's golden legacy.*" From it, according to *Steevens*, "he sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions. His imitations, however, are, in general, too insignificant to merit transcription. Jacques, Touchstone, and Audrey, are entirely his own;" and are certainly the most amusing, and best delineated characters in the piece.

Jacques, although not concerned in the furtherance of the plot, is frequently introduced on the stage. He stands alone, like the weeping willow, in a garden, which, as it is unconnected with the beds and the walks, the flowers and the shrubs, is unnoticed by the gardener, in laying out his plans, but which the visitor admires for its beauty, and which relieves his eye, when wearied by gazing at the dull uniformity of art. Shakespeare exerted his powers in the delineation of this character. It is probably the sole instance, in the dramatic page, where the most interesting personage is unconnected in the progress of the plot. The character of Jacques might be stricken out, and although the play would lose its greatest beauty, yet, as far as relates to the machinery of the drama, he would not be missed. It is, however, an additional proof of the dramatic genius, and nice art of Shakespeare, that under this disadvantage, Jacques excites the chief interest in the piece. In other plays, the prominent persons interest by being involved in the perplexities of the plot; and the detestation or the sympathy, the hopes or the fears of the audience, supply the deficiency of the author's powers; for the relator of a tale always commands the attention of his hearers. But this we believe to be a solitary instance of a character exciting the chief interest, without borrowing the aid of incident. It is in instances like these that the genius of Shakespeare stands unrivalled—This is the proof of originality of conception, and exquisite execution.

(To be continued.)

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

SUMMER ASSIZES.

CROWN SIDE—BEFORE THE CHIEF BARON.

Anthony Bridgen was indicted for the murder of William Hammond, at Duncombe, in the county of Sussex, by giving him several blows, and throwing him down, which caused a violent and mortal concussion of the brain. This was merely a boxing match, which took place between the parties, and in which the prisoner had been highly provoked. The Jury found him guilty of man-slaughter, and the Judge fined him one shilling, and ordered him to be discharged.

Andrew Jones was indicted, for a highway robbery, by forcibly taking from Richard Brown the sum of six shillings and three pence, on the 5th of May last, in the parish of Hitching.

R. Brown, the prosecutor, gave the following account of the transaction:—On the 5th of May, he said, he had been to take his wages; on returning home, between nine and ten, near Cat's-head Bar, a person came up to him—he saw his face, and he knew it to be the prisoner, and demanded his money, at the same time holding a knife to his throat, there was another man behind him, but he could not swear to him, as he did not see his face. The prisoner bid him deliver his money—he said he had none. The prisoner replied it was a lie, and he would cut his throat if he did not deliver it: the other man behind him put his hands into his waistcoat pocket, and took it out. He had seen the prisoner several times before, and knew his face—he was one who travelled about the country.

The prisoner, in his defence, set up an *alibi*, and, to support it, called two women—the first, Anne Rexhall, said she was one who travelled about the country, selling cabbage-nets, knit gloves, &c. On the 5th of May last she was at Horsted Canes—the prisoner had his tent pitched there. As she had a great way to go, she stopped there also. She saw the prisoner in bed, and snoring, at ten o'clock; she sat up to work—Horsted Canes was about a mile from Cat's-head Bar, but the prisoner went to bed at eight o'clock, and had not stirred at ten; had tea, bread, and butter, for supper, besides her, there was another woman, Dame Coates, there.

Dame Coates was next called, and she gave the same testimony, except that she said the prisoner had potatoes, boiled in a kettle, for supper.

The Jury found the prisoner *Guilty;* saying they did not believe the witnesses for the defence. But as the women were confirmed in some respects, by the constable, who apprehended the man, the Chief Baron humanely advised them to reconsider their verdict; but as they said they were of opinion that the women ought not to be believed, the verdict of guilty was recorded.

One of the old women (for they were both aged) who gave testimony for the prisoner, having stated a conversation between her and the constable, which the latter denied; but it appearing, in the course of the examination, that she had mistaken the constable for his son, and there were strong reasons to believe that the fact was true, though she had mistaken the person; his Lordship deferred pronouncing sentence, and most mercifully directed, before he did it, that the son should be sent for that night, in order that he might see him, to know if the fact was, as the witnesses had represented.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

UPON MEN AND THINGS.

The words *vindicate*, and *vindication*, are among the few words, in the English language, which bear not only double, but directly opposite meanings. They are, therefore, peculiarly well fitted for equivocal purposes, and Janus-faced politicians.

All the world knows, that Mr. Edmund Randolph, after *resigning* the office of state, published a *vindication* of his resignation.

Mr. John Randolph, his nephew, and his sometime pupil, has lately declared to the world *his* resolution, and that of his political associates,

to *vindicate* the injuries committed by the Spaniards, against the people of the United States.

Whether by this expression, Mr. John Randolph, and company, mean to *avenge*, or to *justify*, those injuries, will hereafter appear. In the mean time, we congratulate him upon his curious felicity, in the choice of his terms. Whether they maintain, or sacrifice our *rights*, they will, at least, be sure of *vindicating* our injuries.

—

A PATCH FOR FLAW'D REPUTATION.

We hear it is in contemplation, to obtain, from the legislature of Rhode-Island, at their next session, a resolve, to the following effect:

That they consider themselves as performing a *pleasurable duty*, when they declare, that no man in the United States, deserves more entirely the confidence of the American people, than their senator, Christopher Ellery. That his conduct, *so far as has come to their knowledge*, has always been that of a brave and virtuous republican. That they have the utmost abhorrence for the licentiousness of the federal nose-tweakers, and ear-pullers, and that, they are unalterably determined, to vindicate the injuries of their serene fellow citizen, the aforesaid Ellery. The title of this resolution is to be "A patch for *another* flaw'd reputation."

—

CROSS-READING.

One of the most extraordinary cross-readings we have seen, is the following, taken from a southern paper. "A message, from the president of the United States, to both houses of congress."....Whereas, Sally, my wife, has left my bed and board, and behaved in a very unbecoming manner, &c.

—

LITTLE DAVID'S SLING AND STONE.

The debates in congress, as published in some of our newspapers, inform us, that on a recent and important occasion, Mr. Randolph, and Mr. Griswold, *contended for the floor*. Mr. Griswold obtained the *floor*; but little David, as usual, won the day.

Little David's logical powers, are his sling and his stone. They may truly be called stupendous. He read a cruel long speech of Mr. Monroe, made in the year 1788, to prove, that the *federalists*, in 1803, *cannot* be friendly to the navigation of the Mississippi. The whole speech was inflicted upon the house of representatives, for the purpose of exhibiting a single fact. That in the year 1786, the *seven eastern states*, in congress, voted for a project of a treaty with Spain, whereby the United States were to forego, for twenty-five years, the navigation of the Mississippi, for the sake of the implied recognition of their right to the navigation, after that term, and of immense commercial advantages. Now, setting aside all objections to the apparent partiality of Mr. Monroe's statement, and all comment upon the wisdom and honesty of arguing from the politics of this union in 1786, to its politics in 1803, if little David's stone has any mark at all, it is at the temples of the *seven eastern states*, at that period; four of which states are Rhode-Island, New-York, New-Jersey, and Pennsylvania. What could little David be at? Has not poor Pennsylvania (we say nothing of the rest) degraded herself sufficiently, by her subserviency to Monticellian politics, and must she still be insulted in the national councils, as an enemy to the navigation of the Mississippi, for a vote in the old congress, seventeen years ago?

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A slight altercation has taken place, between his Excellency J. F. Mercer, governor of Maryland, and his council. They have, on both sides, submitted the point in controversy, to the general assembly; these have declined all right of interfering in the debate; yet, in substance, have given their opinion against his Excellency. We wish to imitate this amiable discretion of the Maryland legislature, and, instead of awarding the victory between two combatants of such *equal merits*, to pronounce, like the old shepherd, in Gay's Pastorals,

"An oaken staff each merits for his pains."

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A writer in the Aurora, of the 3d instant, under the signature of "Defensor," on the subject of the "Missisippi and its banks," employs a singular style of argument, in attempting to account for the motives of Spain and France, in their conduct towards the United States, respecting the cession of Louisiana. There can be very little attention due to *matter*, prefaced in such a *manner*, as the *hypotheses* of "Defensor," for what sort of conviction can be expected to result from the following specimens of introductory phrases.

"It is, very much, *to be wished*, that those, among us, who *wish* for war, would, &c. It cannot *be believed*, that Spain will persevere *to give* the friendly government of the United States, just cause *of* taking that road to Mexico, which some of the partizans of the former administration made a constant theme." Of what? "It cannot *be supposed*, that *France*, *which* draws, &c. through Spain, &c. It *never can be*, that France will do her utmost to defeat, by a single act, the benefits, &c. *It cannot be*, that France will hazard, &c. *It cannot be* that France will sacrifice that happily renovated commerce with America, which, &c. *It cannot be*, that France will subject to American and British cruizers, the numerous merchant ships," &c. Here endeth the first lesson. Having been thus assured, from so high authority, what *cannot be*; let us hear and learn, from the same source, what *can be*.

"*The First Consul of France, is a man of vast mind.*" Well said, *simple* scribbler! This is a flight of imagination, we little expected to find among such rubbish. "*He will see*, that an attention to *our* rights of nature and treaty, on the waters and shores of the Missisippi, *will insure him a tranquil and rapid colonization in Louisiana*. *He will see*, that such a colony will protect, &c. *He will see*, in the ruin of the British finances, by *her* attempt on the independence of these infant states, &c. *He will see*, in the extensive regions, on the shores of the Archipelago, richer fruits for his enterprise, &c." "All which things, (says Defensor,) are so palpable, that we must perceive, in this new and violent clamor to precipitate us into war, an ingenious device to protect the remote possessions of Great-Britain," &c. &c. &c.

Should "Defensor" complain, that to present garbled extracts, is not shewing him fair play, because the *sense*, of his speculation, is *destroyed* by the mutilation, we can only say, that our criticism is levelled at those *blemishes*, which are most *palpable*, in his composition, and as the least shadow of *sense* has not obtruded itself upon our vision, while investigating the merits of his writing, we can, surely, have no design to meddle with any such property.

In our turn, we crave leave to offer a few *surmises*, on the same topic, which has called forth the powers of "Defensor;" possibly the opinions of a French Counsellor of State, which we avow as the basis of ours, may pass for greater value, than the "*never can be's*," and "*it cannot be supposed*," of an Aurora simpleton. We allude to a pamphlet, written by *M. Carnot*, in answer to the report of Bailleul, upon the revolution of 18th Fructidor [September, 1797,] and intended, by the writer, as a vindication of his conduct, as a member of the Executive Directory. A single passage in it deserves attention from Americans.

Carnot says, "that those, who negociated the treaty of peace *with Spain*, were fools or traitors, for not obtaining, by it, the *cession of Louisiana*, which would have been perfectly easy; and that, afterwards, he proposed, in the Directory, to give the possessions of the Duke of Modena to the Duke of Parma, *upon condition*, that Spain should cede the same province of Louisana, which then, instead of languishing under a Kingly government, *would have been republicanized, and become the means of procuring, to France, a vast influence over the United States of America.*"

The policy, which M. Carnot so strongly recommends, has since been literally adopted. The writer of the above quoted passage, is one of the ablest statesmen, at the present day, in France, and he is well known to be one of the most influential Counsellors of the First Consul. The purpose and design of France, in obtaining the cession of Louisiana, could not be more explicitly declared, by volumes, of laboured disquisition, than in this short and impressive sentence—To "procure to France a vast influence over the United States," was the object for which the possession of that important province, belonging to Spain, on the continent of America, was to be transferred from "a Kingly government," into the hands of active and enterprising Frenchmen, who would take care to *republicanize* it, without delay, and, by assimilating the government to that of their neighbours, the United States, *establish a rival dominion, on the same territory*. This is the obvious interpretation, which grows out of this gigantic scheme of aggrandisement; and whenever the French shall take possession of the province of Louisiana, the people of the United States will, very speedily, discern the dispositions of their new neighbours. Instead of sluggish, inert, and unwarlike Spaniards, they will have to deal with bold spirited, busy Frenchmen; fired with a zeal for conquest, and inured to the trade of adventure; regardless, both from habit and necessity, of territorial limits, and ready to bid defiance to all opposition and restraint, which is not backed by

superior force. These sketches of character are neither *can be's* nor *may be's*. They are universally recognized as actual descriptions of existing traits, in the composition of modern Frenchmen. But if these facts are emphatically announced, by Federal men, as a stimulus to prompt and vigorous measures, on the part of our government, they are accused of a design to precipitate the country into war. The accusation is totally unfounded, though it is the only method, which the governmental apologists have found to repel the charge of supineness and imbecility, which is lavished, with propriety, upon the tardy measures of our national executive. The Federalists have no wish to involve the country in war with Spain and France—but they do desire to see our national rights asserted with energy, and if war must be *the consequence* of such conduct, they will not shrink from it. They have too much respect for themselves, and too just an abhorrence of the principles and practice of their political adversaries, to *imitate them*, in any part of their behaviour: for if any earthly power shall assail the territorial rights of their country, or attempt to abridge her commercial privileges, they will lend, with alacrity, both their purses and their persons to avenge the indignity. *Prevention* is better, far better, than *remedy*, and instead of waiting till the French are *in possession* of our territory, let us be prepared, by a judicious disposition of our military and naval forces, to foreclose the possibility of a *dismemberment of it*, which will be the inevitable consequence of that possession.

—

It cannot have escaped the notice of our chaste matrons, with what effrontery Mr. John Randolph, blazoned forth, on a late occasion, his tender attachment and fond partiality, for his *illegitimate offspring*. At the same time, that he acquainted the public, that he was not, nor ever has been, a married man, he vauntingly boasts of being *a father*. We know of nothing, that can possibly rescue this gentleman's offspring, under such circumstances, from the disgraceful doubts, which attach to those human beings, whom the law denominates, "*filius nullius*," *i. e.* any body's child, or nobody's child, and, "*filius populi*," the *people's* child. The only apology to be made for Mr. Randolph is, that the disclosure of his amours was made, *in secret*.

—

The project of *dry-docks*, which originated at the *prezzidoliad*, has been swept away, with a torrent of eloquence, which was poured forth by the friends of the president; precluding the necessity, even, for the *small talk*, of the federalists, to overwhelm it with ridicule. *Wet docks*, it is well known, are the only ones, which are proper for our infant navy. Every ship and frigate belonging to the United States, ought to be in commission, and, if no better employment can be found for them, let them be sent out *to fish*, on the grand bank. This would be a *cheap* method of victualing, and our brave mariners would be learning how to beat the French and Spaniards, *at the same time*. Old ocean will save our ships from the worms of Washington, vastly better, than the dry docks of the eastern branch of the Potomack. If we really are, "on the eve of a war," as Mr. Samuel Smith, more than hinted, to be the case, we presume, it will be naval, as well as continental; and where, we ask, is our navy? Laid up, *in ordinary*, at Washington, says the belligerent secretary of that department.

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It has been remarked, that more *secret* business is suspected to have been done at Washington, since the commencement of the present short session of congress, than at any former period, since the removal of congress from Philadelphia. For the truth of this, we would appeal to Miss Nancy Dawson.

—

The aliens of Philadelphia, have had several meetings, at the *Franklin hotel*, to commune, about the propriety of memorializing congress, on the subject of the five years residence law, (we expressly avoid calling it the naturalization law.) Two years is the limitation proposed by some; one year, by others; but *Paddy*, swears by J.....s, it shall be *no year at all*.

—

Dr. Vicesimus Knox, in his book, entitled, "Personal Nobility," and dedicated to *the Right Honourable Charles James Fox*, draws the following character of *Modern Philosophy*.

"Her name, (the name of Philosophy,) is abused in the present age; but, she herself, must ever be estimable. True philosophy is true wisdom.

"Many men assume to themselves, the title of philosophers, who are very superficially furnished with learning and science; and who rely, entirely, on the strength of their own reason, and the short experience of their own lives. As an instance of their superiority, they controvert all the opinions, which have been long established among mankind, as *prejudices*. They may, sometimes, be right, in abstract theory; but they would do well to consider, whether the removal of *prejudices*, which, for ages, have been found beneficial to mankind at large, conducive to good order, exciting merit, raising emulation, and affording comfort and amusement, is not as unworthy of *philosophy*, as it is of *benevolence*. Austere in their manners, uncandid in their judgment, dogmatical in their doctrine, they are not to be imitated by a learned, generous, liberal minded, goodnatured man. Their philosophy is not the philosophy, which I recommend. It is too mean for a mind, cultivated by elegant letters, polished by the fine arts, and attentive to whatever embellishes, as well as whatever informs the fine faculties of the human intellect. It is founded on metaphysical refinement, narrow calculation, parsimonious œconomy, and, upon the whole, unfit for a creature furnished with fine feelings, and an imagination, as well as with reason. It allows nothing to ornament, little to pleasure, and keeps the eye steadily fixed, like the sordid miser, on mere worldly utility. It is inimical to the honourable distinction of rank. It would strip all the gold and carving from the roof, as an appendage, which adds nothing to the solidity of the edifice."

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The ensuing letter, from a London Journal, will present to the curious, a very vivid idea of the present state of the French stage.

PARIS, JULY 24.

"Nothing strikes an Englishman with more surprise than the number of theatres and places of public amusement, of all sorts, which are open here every night, and most of them too extremely well attended. In summer, London can hardly fill one theatre for dramatic performances of a very diminutive size, and two or three places for pantomime and rope-dancing, while Paris, with fewer inhabitants, can fill above a dozen houses for stage performances, not to mention fifty other kinds of exhibition and amusement. Frascati, a place something like a tea-garden, but fitted up with much neatness and taste, on the Boulevards, at the end of the Rue de la Loi, is filled with company every fine evening, and prodigious quantities of punch are here consumed. Punch is become a very favourite beverage with the Parisians. Tivoli, a place in the stile of Vauxhall, attracts vast crowds, but it has this advantage, that there is dancing, in addition to a great variety of entertainments, Mummers, Merry Andrews, &c. &c. A large platform in the open air is provided for the dancers, and a band of music attends. The other night there was a fete at Tivoli: Waltzes and French country dances engaged the merry groups. The *Waltzes* appear to be the most vulgar, indecent, ridiculous species of dance that can be conceived. They give no scope for the display of elegant movement, or graceful attitude. It is the more surprising, that the French follow this detestable fashion of dancing, as many of their country dances, &c. are extremely pretty. Many of the performers I saw, male and female, danced uncommonly well. Several of the young ladies would have made no bad figure among the *Corps de Ballet* at the opera-house. The French indeed have long been the most celebrated dancers in the world, and I do not think they are in danger of losing this distinction.

"I have observed, that it must strike an Englishman with surprise, that so many places of public amusement should be constantly crowded. I am inclined to think, that the cause arises, in some measure, from a disease in the moral constitution of this people. The majority of the Parisians seem to have no existence but in public. I do not mean that they have no private parties, but that all ranks have a sort of horror of being at home. Indeed where the domestic state, that sacred circle which combines and concentrates so many sources of pure, perfect, and independent happiness, is almost unknown, there succeeds a perpetual thirst for the noisy, tumultuous pleasures (as they are called) of crowded theatres and public promenades. Every body wishes to go abroad, because there is no happiness at home. Hence it comes that the Parisians afford such encouragement to the infinite variety of talents and exertions that are employed in devising the means of their gratification. Every evening, all persons, who have any leisure, or any opulence, desert their houses, and run to the theatre, or the public garden. When marriage is on so bad a footing as it is here, and when husbands and wives have such strange ideas of that relation, it is not wonderful that *home* is the place where, least of all, they expect to spend their moments agreeably. If I am right in assigning this as one of the causes for the rage which the Parisians have for being in a crowd, I am very proud to think, that London can support so few establishments of public amusement. If there be any connection between the quantity of domestic vice and misery, and the quantity of tinsel, splendour, and affected gaity, which dazzle the theatres and the promenade, long may our present limited theatrical establishments suffice for the recreation and amusement of the cities of London and Westminster.

"There is another reason why the public amusements are well attended here, and it is one which does no discredit to the Parisians. It is not the custom, as in England, to sit four or five hours after dinner, drinking to intoxication, and rendering themselves incapable of any rational enjoyment. The French soon rise from table after dinner, and they are ready to form parties for the theatres, &c. whereas, in England, a dinner and a party to the play are incompatible, so much has the gross vice of immoderate drinking obtained in many societies. If you consider

how many Englishmen spend the whole forenoon in drenching themselves, in bumpers of stupifying port, and, on the other hand, how little this swinish custom prevails in France, you will see how great a proportion of French company is given to the more elegant amusements of the Drama.

"It is natural, however, that the encouragement they receive, and the competition they must sustain, should improve the different theatrical corps which this city contains. The opera here is certainly very fine in many respects, but it is allowed to be very weak in vocal talents. The Corps de Ballet, with Vestris at its head, indeed is very powerful. At many of the theatres, comedies are extremely well performed. The theatre Francais, at present, is generally allowed to combine more talent than ever was before united at any one period. I have frequently remarked, that at this theatre, there is a perfection in the whole of the theatrical business, which proves the utmost diligence in the management, and the most accurate study and attention in the actors. There is no such thing here as an actor ogling the boxes, or an actress leering the idle fellows who range and philander about the theatres. I have often seen our performers waiting their turn to speak with as little regard to the piece as if they had no share in it, and in every interval most distressingly obtruding their own personal character on the audience, instead of supporting that which they fill. Here, on the other hand, every look, motion, and gesture has relation to the business of the stage, and the illusion is kept up by a minute attention to circumstances, which foolish coxcomb actors and coquette actresses, either do not understand or despise. I wish some of our performers, at both theatres, would attend more to this matter. I must say it also, that if the actors pay so much deference to the audience, the audience return it in the greatest attention to the peformance. There is no prattling, laughing, whispering, and gossipping, to put the actor out, and to disturb those who wish to listen. It would require volumes to give a criticism on the different performers. Talma is undoubtedly the hero of tragedy. In female characters of tragedy they are not so strong. Mademoiselle Contat is still a prodigious favourite. There is at the theatre Rue Feydeau, a Madame St. Aubin, who, in the parts which the French call *ingenuites*, is one of the finest peformers I ever saw. Upon the whole, the French can, at present, boast of the high perfection to which their stage has attained."

—

An intelligent traveller, who occasionally addresses a London friend, and dates from Paris, conveys much information, in a very agreeable manner.

PARIS, JULY 27.

"I am convinced that, since the revolution, *literature* has declined in France, for there are few good writers; and the department of the Belles Letters, is that for which little can be done, when the favourable time and circumstances are wanting. In the arts and sciences, there has, I believe, been no falling off, at least in the latter. Indeed I am inclined to think, that what is termed *science*, in contradiction to the Belles Lettres, is a very hardy plant. It enjoys the intellectual, almost to the exclusion of the moral faculties. The head alone is concerned, the heart not at all. They were not, therefore, so much affected by the furious tempest of the revolution. *Archimedes* solved problems while the Romans battered his town about his ears, but no man can convince me that Euripedes could have written a tragedy; Aristophanes, a comedy; Boileau the *Lutrin*; or Pope Eloisa to Abelard, or the Rape of the Lock, in the same situation.

"This town, it must be allowed, has collected an amazing booty in what regards the fine arts. The Louvre is certainly one of the grandest repositaries of *stolen* goods in the world. I call it stolen goods; for I can never admit that the right of conquest extended so far as to justify the French in robbing Italy and Flanders, Holland, &c. &c. of what was dearer than the soil itself, the monuments of their genius, the boast of their country, the example and the instruction of unborn ages. As it is agreed, however, that though one homicide makes a murderer, thousands a hero, the magnitude of the theft in the present instance, arises to the dignity of heroism. *Tant pis.*

"Be this as it may, however, now that the collections are in Paris, they are to be ranked among the interesting and valuable curiosities of this metropolis. They will be visited by every lover of the arts with enthusiasm, by idlers as a matter of course. The apartments in the Louvre now contain the finest pictures in the world, the finest specimens of ancient and modern sculpture. Whether the collection in one spot of so many *chef d'œuvres* be favourable to the progress of taste and of art, the professors and the connoiseurs, &c. are better judges than me. In my simplicity, I am disposed to think it will not be very favourable to the arts. The progress of true taste in every fine art is slow. That must be the result of the comparison of many models, the study of many and various objects. But if a small *enceinte*, like the Louvre, is to combine whatever has been deemed most perfect, it will be visited too mechanically. It will excite no enthusiasm; pictures are separated from their history, statutes from their connection; every thing from its propriety. The student has too much before him to let his own mind work. He is made an artist by force of imitation, not by force of reflection, of cautious comparison in various stages of improvement. It is to be feared, therefore, that such collections, which form in themselves a perfect school, to the exclusion of farther study, travel and comparison, will have a bad effect. It will produce imitators, not artists. Forms of the art will be propagated, but the art will decline. Such is the opinion of one very unlearned in these matters.

"Nevertheless, the possession of such treasures must tend to diffuse a good style, if not a perfect taste throughout the country. I think I already discover the improvement which these models produce. Every eye is accustomed to perfect forms; every ornament of domestic furniture; every room, every staircase, every saloon is decorated with figures after the *antique*. As I said before, there will be imitators without end. The effect will be, to make people fond of the beautiful in every kind; taste will be refined, and from luxuries will descend to necessaries. Those who have the best models of pictures and statues will, *cæteris paribus*, have the finest of all those manufactures which embellish the person, the dwelling, &c. It is important, therefore, for a nation, in regard to its manufactures, to cultivate a fine taste in the arts.

"What then, is the conclusion I draw? It is, that since France has, by every means, acquired such treasures; it is fit that other nations should begin to form national collections. This, by creating national, as well as individual competition, would redound to the universal improvement of the arts. Here the collections are, on stated days, open to all the world, and always to artists. The library, which now contains so extensive a collection of books and manuscripts, is managed on the same liberal principles. It is the same with the garden of plants, the cabinet of natural history, &c. Thus all ranks are invited and encouraged to view the monuments of art, and to consult the repositaries of learning. A general taste for science and the arts will be diffused, which will tend much to refine the people and to improve every elegant branch of manufacture. It is surely time that something were done in England to balance these advantages. There is no national collection, in any kind, in any manner, employed to the general encouragement of art. While so much money is lavished by the guardians of the public purse upon dangerous and ruinous enterprises, a judicious application of sums comparatively small, might lay the foundation of establishments in the arts that would give us a school of our own, and enable us to maintain a generous rivalship with other nations."

—

Mainard, a witty French poet, has somewhere the following whimsical epigram, which our friend "BATISTO," may translate, if he please.

La Mort nous guette; et quand ses lois
Nous ont enferme une fois
Au sein d'une fosse profonde,
Adieu, bons vins, et bon repas,
Ma science ne trouve pas
Des cabarets en l'autre monde.

—

The following newyear's verses, from the Salem Gazette, are as easy, as animated, and as pointed as any we have recently perused. They are evidently the laughing offspring of some comic *genius*.

"*MESSAGE*,"

FROM THE CARRIER OF THE SALEM GAZETTE TO ITS PATRONS.

Long has it been, you know, our way
To you our annual thanks to pay;
Attach'd to which you always see
A kind of annual summary
Of federal measures, wise and holy,
And sketch of democratic folly.
But since *affairs*, beyond all question,
Are given to jacobinic *gestion*;
Since 'tis acknowledg'd by the two *sects*,
The Devil is in Massachusetts;
Since Essex' federal flag hangs lower,
And Salem is bewitch'd once more;
We sorrowing acquiesce and say,
That "every dog must have his day."

A good old book, read by our yeomen,
Says, by "their fruits that we must know men."
This rule, adopted by the nation
To judge the past administration,
Must give a verdict in its favour,
And bless its memory forever.
Continual to our peaceful shores
Sail'd commerce with his richest stores;
While agriculture's shining spade
His mines exhaustless open laid;
Art for his headwork was applauded,
And for his usefulness rewarded;
And careful *labour* did not lack
To *feed his mouth*, or clothe his back.
Now, gentles, it is clear to us,
Our present rulers MAY DO WORSE;
They certainly cannot EXCEL;
Heaven help them to CONDUCT AS WELL.
This is our wish though scarce our hope,
But, as Paine says, we "give them rope;"
We leave them in their lofty station,
And quit all further *oppugnation*.

What now remains, we beg our neighbours
To ponder well our *useful labours*;
To take a *view of the whole ground*,
The past twelve months we've travell'd round;
Kindly reflect how we have stroll'd
Through summer's heat and winter's cold;
Hoping, (and pray let us not fail on't)
To *ransom* money *from th' assailant*;
Then, with a mammoth-like urbanity,
Consider us *oppress'd humanity*;
And make for us, in humble station,
Specifical appropriation;
And that your names we long may bless,
Grant us three shillings *more or less*.

—

"Married, Mr. Martin *Eager*, to Miss Rachel *Jolly*, &c." On reading this hymeneal record, we could not help extracting from the gay works

of George Colman, jun. the following *Duet*, which may be sung by the wedded pair.

RACHEL.

All shall leave their labouring,
We'll call each honest neighbour in;
Hey, for pipe, and taboring,
When I and Martin Wed.

MARTIN.

Never shall our holiday,
Be called a melancholy day;
It shall be, a *jolly* day,
When I and Rachel bed.

—

The following displays more invention, than the majority of our modern songs. The thought, in the last stanza, is novel and ingenious.

Grant me her for whom I sigh,
In love's sequester'd bowers,
Full swiftly would the minutes fly,
Full smoothly glide the hours.

But tear the dear lov'd maid away,
Then anxious thoughts the soul engage,
While every minute seems a day,
And every hour an age.

Give me all thou canst bestow,
Cherub God of fond desire!
If hoary time move swift or sly,
I seek not to inquire.

Ye days of bliss, ye lightly pass,
Yet oft, when Time would turn his hand,
If lover's tears have damp'd his glass,
How heavy runs the sand.

—

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE OF THE LATE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

Upon the publication of Mr. Burke's "Reflections on the affairs of France," Miss Wilkes, whose general taste, and attachment to polite literature, are well known, translated two of the most luminous passages of that performance, viz. the description of the 6th of October, and the fine eulogium of the queen of France, for the countess de la Valière, a French lady of distinction, with whom Miss Wilkes had long lived in habits of the closest intimacy. The countess, after receiving this valuable present from her friend, took the first opportunity which offered, of waiting on the queen, and of reading to her the above two passages. At the first, her majesty dissolved into tears, which so affected the countess, that she could scarcely proceed: recovering herself, however, she read through the second passage; when her majesty, no longer able to contain herself, rose from her seat, and clasping her hands together, in an extacy of fervor, exclaimed...."Good God! am I still so happy, as to be pitied by such brave and illustrious foreigners."

—

A GOOD BULL TO BEGIN WITH.

A very affectionate young miss, writing to her beloved correspondent, thus begins:

"*My dearest friend*,

"I have not *seen* you since the last time *we parted* at the assembly."

Don't laugh at the poor girl; this is not the "greatest" bull ever made. And, indeed, we have high authority for such Hibernian expressions. The "greatest man in America," (that is before Tom Paine's arrival) staid in his palace and sent a letter, or "Message," to congress, to whom he thus addresses himself: "When we *assemble together*;" and then writes about the "circumstances, under which we *meet*"! What, *meet* and *assemble* when he did not go near congress, but *wrote* to them? And not only *assemble*, but assemble *together*! How should "*we*" assemble? Nobody but a democratic president and a philosopher would ever think of assembling *apart*! But these *œconomical* times bring forth wonders; for we find that our political guardians did actually *assemble apart*, if at all; the president at home, the senate in another place, and the house in another.

Quid domini faciant, audent cum talia fures?

says Virgil; but we invert the actors, and ask, What will not *people* do, when *rulers* thus presume?

We next expect to see some ardent lover begin a letter to his mistress in this manner:

"*My Sweet Creature*,
"I am glad to *see* you!"
[*New-Hampshire paper.*

—

Parisot is announced to dance at Paris; but Bonaparte does not want her instructions to assume an *imposing attitude*.

—

The rainy season is very properly called, by our punsters, *Wet*-sun-tide. [*Lon. pap.*

—

The *hop-grounds* in Kent, present more extensive views than any other place in the world; you can see in them from *pole* to *pole*. [*Ib.*

—

The ensuing is a bitter epigram on the pert loquacity of *some* females, who possess the unlucky power of talking much, and of thinking little:

From morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and at every place,
You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.

Forbear, my Celia, O forbear,
If your own health, or ours you prize,
For all mankind, that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing, than your eyes.

—

Jonas Hanway, in a popular pamphlet, published many years since, abounding in the common cant of a harlot liberty, talks somewhere of those republican butchers, Brutus and Cassius. Indignant at such puerility, Doctor Johnson contemptuously, and *truly*, tells this same Jonas, that "he is *come too late into the world*, with his *fury* for *freedom*, with his *Brutus* and *Cassius*. We have, long since, settled our opinions. Zeal for liberty and declamations against the violators of the republican constitution, only stand now in the reader's way.

—

Men of sensibility will be gratified by the ensuing sonnet.

FROM PETRARCH.

Se la mia vita de l'aspro tormento, &c.

If grief dismiss me not to them that rest,
'Till age, thou beauteous maid! those starry fires
Extinguish, and the loves and young desires,
Forget those vermeil lips, that rising breast,
And those fair locks that on thy shoulders play,
And from thy smooth, white forehead, time displace
The vernal garland, with'ring ev'ry grace,
That bade concealment on my spirit prey;
—— Haply my bolder tongue may then reveal
The secret annals of a life of tears.
And if that season on the softer joys
Smile not, a broken heart perchance may feel
Sad solace from the unforbidden sighs,
Heav'd for the fruitless lapse of vernal years.

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The price of the paper is Five Dollars, annually, payable in advance. It will be exchanged, on equal terms, with Printers of Daily Gazettes, but the Editors of village papers, charged at a price, inferior to that of the Port Folio, must pay the difference.

For the convenience of others, and ourselves, it is suggested to subscribers, that they form into reading clubs, or societies, appointing some general agent, responsible for the whole subscription. To such agent, a just remuneration, if required, shall be allowed.

Letters must be *post-paid*, and the following gentlemen are empowered, as AGENTS, for the transmission of names, and the collection of subscriptions; and the Editor will be particularly obliged, if his friends will aid him in disseminating a paper, in the conducting of which no pains shall be spared to render it worthy of public approbation.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO VARIETY.

Hail! Goddess, who, with airy tread,
Sometimes trip'st along the mead;
At other times, with looks profound,
Castest thine eyes upon the ground;
Now in Fashion's garments drest,
And anon in sable vest:
Now a Fairy, pert and vain,
And now a Nymph of Wisdom's train.
Tell me, Goddess, tell me where
Thou fan'st, with buxom wings, the air,
Or in what cavern dark, profound,
Thou listen'st to the pensive sound
Of water, dropping from the rock,
Or startest at the miner's stroke;
For could I climb the heights of air,
Goddess, I would seek thee there:
Or, could I find thy lonely cave,
Which the trickling waters lave,
There would I sit with thee, and know
The wonders of the world below.
O take me, Goddess, by the hand
And lead me through some smiling land,
Where all around me I may see,
The charms of Nature and of thee;
Where I may view the barren thorn,
Gemm'd with the dew-drop of the morn,
And see anon, with gladdened eyes,
The plain where yellow plenty lies;
The rural bower, the cooling shade,
Which no sun-beams dare invade:
Here ofttimes by some winding stream,
With thee I'd lay me down and dream
Of hurried scenes—that when I wake,
And, haply, find the sweet mistake,
I more may prize the peaceful spot,
Where Providence hath fix'd my lot.
O haste thee, Goddess, bear me now,
To yon mountain's lofty brow,
From whose high top, we may descry,
The glowing prospect, far and nigh;
Whence we may view the lordly tower,
Contrasted with the Peasant's bower,
And see the sun's reflected fires,
On distant cities' tapering spires,
And gloomy forests spreading wide
And frowning o'er some glittering tide,
Which swiftly rolls its watry train,
To pay its tribute to the main;
Whose broad spread bosom shuts the view,
Melting to air and heavenly blue.
But now the rural scene we leave,
And, led by thee, I scarcely grieve
To exchange my peaceful life,
For a city's noise and strife;
Well pleas'd at first, I hear the sound
Of industry, whilst all around
The novel scenes, with fresh surprize
Still strike my ever gazing eyes.
Here ofttimes, in some splendid hall,
I trace thee through the mazy ball,
Or, wrapped in deep distress, I fear
For fictious woes—or shed the tear,
Soft dropping on the tragic page;
But soon thy spells my griefs assuage:
Thou bidd'st the laughing Thalia come
With breathing flute, or stirring drum,
And soon retires the weeping queen,
Whilst all around me none are seen
But laughing mortals, who entwine,
The myrtle, with the curling vine;
But mirth too often turns to folly,
And yields to sober melancholy;
Then, e'er the sickening appetite
Hath lost the sense of fresh delight,
I leave behind a jovial train,
And heedless of the driving rain,
In quest of thee I eager go,
Where the rude winds impetuous blow,
On the sea-beaten shore I stand,
And oft to Heaven extend my hand;
For now the moon, with sickly light,
Reigns empress of the clouded night;
Or on the top of some high rock,
Which long hath stood the ocean's shock,
I sit and hear the noisy waves,
Dashing within the stony caves,
And ever and anon they beat,
Against the cliff, with idle heat,
And finding all their fury vain,
Descend around in briny rain.
Such, Goddess, is thy magic power,
To shed a charm o'er every hour!
Without thee, human life were nought
But one continued stretch of thought,
Or one continued round of folly,
Producing, each, dull melancholy.
But sweet are both, by thee united,
Nor art thou, Goddess, unrequited,
Since men, in every stage of life,
In scenes of peace, and scenes of strife,
Erect an altar still to thee,
And hail their queen, Variety.

R. S.

—

THE DREAM.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM LA MOTTE.

And does MARIA learn to feel,
Can love to that cold bosom steal,
Will she my suff'rings recompense?
Or does a dream delude my sense.

Do I behold that cruel fair,
Who oft has rack'd me with despair,
When from my vows of love she'd fly?
O yes! 'tis she!—I hear her sigh!

Ah! how could barb'rous pride prevail,
The gen'rous passion to conceal?
But hence complaint!—this happy day
The torments of an age might pay.

By mutual tenderness combin'd,
In love we'll live, to love resign'd,
And thus—ah me!—what mock'ry's this?
To die in such a sleep were bliss.

FERDINANDO.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[In the gloom of a northern winter, the Editor's spirits, sunken by the season, and the sky, demanded the exhilaration of a song. He wished for a joyous anacreontic, that might revive the classical recollection of "Deprome quadrimum." He suggested the idea to a social poet, Alexander Thomas, Esq. of Walpole, New-Hampshire, a man of letters and a man of genius, who has copied the measure, and rivalled the graces, of a well known ballad of Bickerstaff.]

A SONG;

SUITABLE FOR THE SEASON.

Bachus, burnisher of souls,
Accept a large libation;
Let generous bumpers, flowing bowls
Perfect us in potation.

Drain the glass, the goblet drain,
Drown a while each sorrow;
To-night begone all care and pain,
And thinking of to-morrow.

Venus, frown not, while we pour
Our wine in copious measure,
Each crimson drop to thee is more
Than Mexic's miny treasure.

Drain the glass, &c.

The monk, who mopes in cloister'd cell,
May write, and rave, and bellow;
At night, with rosy, romping Nell,
He's quite another fellow.

Drain the glass, &c.

The sparkling thought, the joke, the glee,
Shall all our features lighten;
So for my song, the burden be,
Let's brighten, lads, let's brighten.

Drain the glass, the goblet drain,
Drown awhile each sorrow;
To-night begone all care and pain,
And thinking of to-morrow.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I hate the bustling tumult of the town,
Where wild confusion mars all serious thought,
Where noisy fools the voice of reason drown,
And Gain's the prim'ry lesson that is taught.

Where Worth with poverty in tears is found,
And Villainy with wealth is smiling seen,
Where Dissipation wheels her giddy round,
And foul Corruption creeps with pallid mien.

Oh! grant me, Heav'n, some quiet, lone retreat,
Far, far remov'd from man's abhorred sight,
Where I unheard my sorrows may repeat,
And curse the crimes that rob'd me of delight.

Or heeded only by some bird of night,
Whose plaintive moanings freight the passing breeze,
Or twinkling stars, that shed a glimmering light,
And mark my woe-worn figure thro' the trees.

For now no longer on the troublous sea
Of life, Hope guides me to the port I sought:
No ray of comfort e'er shall shine on me,
To still the pangs that treachery has wrought.
But soon shall Death, the child of mis'ry's friend,
With magic wand approach my mould'ring frame,
Dissolve the charm of life, my sorrows end,
And, with an icy touch, put out life's flame.

Ah! learn from this, incautious youth, to trust
With circumspection to the faith of man;
For know that avarice, love, or impious lust
May blast the friendship that in truth began.

EDWARD.

—

THE PRINT-SHOP.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A TALE.

Two red-hot patriots, walking in the street,
One fresh from Newgate, one, of Erin's race,
Before a printshop chanc'd one day to meet,
And stop'd to gaze at Monticello's face.

Great was the artist's skill—the likeness great,
Such, that had Sally's saffron son been there;
How had he skip'd and laugh'd, with joy elate,
To see *himself* in *Mezzotinto* stare!

"'Tis he! the very man!" the Briton cried,
"That face wants nothing, does it, brother Pat,
But speech!"—"By Jasus"—Paddy quick replied,
"Its none the worse, at all, at all, *for that.*"

BATISTO.

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